



GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Discontent is infirmity of will.
A sensible man will always be civil.
Life is the union of the mind and the soul.
What makes life dreary is the want of motive.
Who dare not speak his free thoughts is a slave.
The wise fortify themselves by reason and fools by despair.
"All of God's creatures love and feel; few think and know."
"There is no time so miserable but a man may be true."—*Timon*.
Less argument and more work will make any person better off.
Good-will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.
Genius beckons a man, and if he attempts to climb, will help him.
Those who would be kept from harm should keep out of harm's way.
Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.
"Only out of the depth of contemplative Silence, the great light of the soul can arise."
Work is not man's punishment, it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.
He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.
Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security.
Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make on you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should be no part of your concern.
Nature is the universal exponent of God; and reason is the eternal exponent of Nature; therefore nature and reason combined constitute the only true and reliable standard of judgment.—*Lyceum Guide*.
Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.—*Selden*.
To blurt out our opinions at all times and in all places, regardless of surroundings and possible consequences, is certainly most selfish and unwise, but when appealed to for our private judgment or opinion, why should we lie about it either by suppression or evasion? It is disheartening to think how common this sort of cowardly and thoughtless dishonesty is, and how evil and perverse in its consequences.

SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

BY M. E. TILLOTSON.

Such education for the population should be a country's special aim, whatever views exist on other points. As sciences and successes, the mundane missions of Spiritualism and of Liberalism have primary and practical phases more important than spiritual laws and elevated art. Human spirits, while in the flesh, should be cultured to a state of progress that could enter the next stage of life so enlightened as not to cast injurious and misleading influences on those still incarnate, and thus obviate the most irremediable of earthly evils. Due observance of this neglected work would, in a few years, so renovate the people as to reward the hard, startling effect, and continued, would tell on the world as nothing has since Greece lost her power of physical culture. It requires a specially educating work, and since it is the work necessary to the success of all progressive effort, it need not involve the varying views of immortality.

I think Spiritualists, secularists, agnostics, radicals, of slightly differing orders of belief, may gladly unite for a wide movement that will cover the nation, and by mutual conference and co-action make the Herculean task less tedious than it appears in prospect. At this time, such work has two vast inducements, either of which is sufficient to busy benevolent souls to the endeavor—the immediately threatening attitude of ecclesiastic tyrannies with power to largely sway the masses—and the body-strengthening and character-endowing of the multitude, which in any case and ever, is the right thing to do, the only thing that can empower a people to the ability of sustaining liberty for personal or public control and security. Process for the latter resists the former if aught can, emphasizing inducements with prompting force. As comparatively few see the causes requiring this organization, those whose philosophic minds scan the sad state of things, will welcome the following comments for the sake of all.

Theory quite naturally precedes practice, yet practice often leads and prospers for a time. Good theories have been accepted and considerably acted upon, and then lost by lack of personal work at their bases, physical integrity being supporter in this life. A large example is seen in this Government, supposed for some decades to be an assured republic, its Constitution a security; but leniency of protest against official wrong was no check; demoralizing politics swayed, and now its emblemed eagle's flight is stayed by the treacherous culture's avaricious tether. Despotism and sordid sects have usurped so much power that entire control, subversion of its laws and liberties are intended.

Martin Luther's theory of mental liberty promised much, but instead of culturing Protestants to a practical poise for upholding liberty of belief, religious rulers beguiled them to conformity little less than that of Catholic victims. Gautama, the great Buddha, had a beneficent heart and foresight, meditated in his palace, traveled in strange lands *incognito*, studying nature's laws and their application to the use of humanity. When satisfied that he had arrived at the true idea of goodness, justice, and the utilizing of earth's abundance for the best benefit of all, he returned to his native home and quietly and simply taught his proud and his humble contemporaries the impartial laws of life, the ability of reason to comprehend and happily apply them to common affairs, in equal awards, thus fulfilling all the duties of life. His goodness was appreciated, he was loved, esteemed, and in spite of himself, revered. So facile were unpoisoned minds under prevailing notions of superiors, kings, priests and mythic gods, that when his spirit left the flesh, it was worshiped as a god, and Asia's thousand gods, demons, shrines, tithes and sacrifices managed by selfish castes, becloud the freedom of Buddha's theory, and serfdom and superstition are the dark fates of the swarthy millions.

Christian inroads upon them add debauchery to darkness. The old custom of arresting the good, undoing the right that the wise may inaugurate, has never

ceased, and arts to betray and intimidate are multiplied. Protestant and Catholic religions are equally greedy of gain, crafty in methods, and unscrupulous in oppression. The word religion, at the bottom, implies force, is misleading, and I marvel at its use among enlightened teachers. Science, truth, goodness, justice and ethics, clearly express what we would convey, and need no explaining. Let the binding word represent "rebinding," where forceful sects have use for disguises. These sects are now active in effecting adherence with more liberal bodies. Failing to crush Spiritualism, they captured the weak portion with the bribing banner, Christian Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mind-cure, whatever is likely to divert votaries or tithes, they seek to absorb by the label, Christian Science, a clear paradox.

Christian temperance has boomed and Christian suffrage is strongly hinted. American and European sects are in concerted action, endeavoring to gain full control of legislation, so as to re-mold and administer law, as per priest-interpreted Bible. In case of success, anticipated justice may be measured by the mercy of Torquemada's minds. The next four years will be filled with eager struggles to swell their party and put their aids in power. Politics and religion, popes, emperors and presidents are wedded; and cardinals, bishops, parliaments and senates are affiancing. For some years they have, without legality, warped statutes and testimony to the plane of convicting innocence. Shall we not try to prevent the worst? With the money, the military and the multitude at their back, the outlook is perilous. Only in the line of the cruelly psychologized masses can we hope to lessen their chances, and spare the blinded many from sealing their own with our inhuman abasement. Let us look at the way the mass is utilized by tyrannies, the way it is prepared for approach.

The ostracising spell casts a stifling power over it, taming intellects to the limit of the popular tether, and to submission to, if not to belief in, what most strongly appeals to the hope of pleasing. Below this are deranged physiques almost universal—the nervous, vascular, visceral and muscular systems are vitiated and weakened by diseased habits and customs, all tending to paralyze motives and make possible the craven acceptance of promised approval, the price for sacrificed health of body, mind, spirit and character. Appetites for stimulants are thus engendered, excesses increase and hold men as vulnerable as vanity, fashion and all sorts of poverty do women. These abnormalities are the law and gospel inheritance handed on from earlier subjections, tinged with added taints in every age. Leaders have seen that, to hold the people's service, reason and self-responsibility must be suppressed, and shattered health being a ready blight, they fraternize the frauds that prey on the soundness and independence of duped millions. Another sinister motive for perpetuating ignorance seeks the suppression of physiologic and sociologic literature. Greed for not needed gold making the traffic that perpetuates frail conditions, is the root of many foul purposes that favor and feed upon frailties that lust of some sort presses and entails upon the optionally helpless. Evil daring grows desperate; quiet and hopes of security are uprooted; wails of undeserved want and sorrow load the honest press and the very air. When vicious rule has made large classes powerless for self-protection, it has material for slaves. Sordidness and bigotry have fitted people and usage to the pattern of hypocrisy and despotism; shall not goodness and science re-mold them to models of truth and liberty?

The demand of all that is pure, kind and just, calls for fraternal help, care and culture to eliminate instilled poisons of fear, thought and fancy, with those of blood and flesh, and open the way to sound heredity and status of mind, that claims personal and public equity. It is a fearful state of heredity that produces cruel oppressors on one hand, and feeble cowards on the other; yet it has long existed; and only the chance originals, wandering and reasoning between these extremes, have lit from their mellow souls the beacon lights of truth and love that have gleamed on the icy hardness of savage darkness. Only those have wafted the warmth of sympathy on freezing exiles, fear-crushed toilers and affection-mocked and flesh-tortured women. Though few

in their respective nations, they have faced formidable foes, and made great improvements. In our case, the originals are more numerous and better supplied than in other nations; and if they have their own and the people's welfare at heart in this emergency, it will be sadly remarkable if they do not give it their best exertions.

As presses the question, What can be done—improving general conditions and reversing influences, by disintegrating solvents, in the body politic, appeals to me as the possible and feasible measure. All that can be done to convince of the falseness of sentiments, and customs that produce feebleness of body and mind, will be favorable—all the self-respecting and self-helping ambition that can be aroused will work from instead of toward delusions, and prompt incentives to improved action. To see a noble purpose in life and take steps for acquiring ability to obtain it, are first lessons exceedingly needed, and good reason presented with promise of friendly sustenance in right doing, will be an inducing stimulus that both sexes have yearned for in vain, and many will welcome such avail in all the issues involved, which are many.

I believe there remains a ground for hope, that the flattered and deceived have not passed the limit of reformation, so much knowledge of the worth of independence surrounds them. It can so well be shown that at their cost, at our cost who feel our heads up in the light, the many monopolists fill their coffers and gain power to oppress that all things call for a change to right living. That common sufferings are effects of long, vigilant exercise, of unresisted avarice and craft is plain; that they indicate as remedies general changes, basic among which lies sanitary renovation is also plain; hence appeals for leadership, encouragement and example are most natural. Among freethinkers of all shades of belief, the kindly disposed are numerous, and a union of efforts cannot fail of large and lasting results. The young as well as adults, the middle aged and the old, all need instruction, all need to exemplify it, that the youthful among them may go there and preserve the benefits. Women should be fully interested, and men should encourage them to principled action as they have not yet, noble action that traitorous policy has frowned on to the detriment of all. Women's public counsel is as much superior to a vote-selling man's, as her home counsel is to a reckless boy's, and the many should be preparing for freedom the wise dare not offer them while with crude understanding they are submissive to popular direction. Perhaps, the hardest lesson in true education will be to disregard fastidious frowns and weak sensibilities, affected in what is termed popular respectability.

Nothing should be esteemed because popular or fashionable; honor belongs to the honest and upright. The worthy and helpful are the estimable, the really beautiful are made so by natural life, and exercising knowledge upon them will make them appear so, and rear a true standard. The knowledge now prostituted to usages as sickly in esthetic taste, moral courage and worthy aims as in physiological systems and senses, might readily be directed to wholesome usages and ennobling ethics. It seems possible to acquire a sound human basis in time, and in this age improvements that can institute vastly mended social and civil regulations, although changes through firm purposes must evolve the power. The undertaking is no larger than the intelligent and financial support that can be better employed upon it than on any other object. The call of myriads for relief, the needs of as many too blind to call, and general trials, all the effects of false customs are considerations, aside from fast increasing encroachments on individuals, societies and nations.

A work that can avert an imminent calamity and otherwise be the best gift to a country, hence to the world, is of vast moment. As favoring what is here suggested, theory has preceded; scientific preparations are made; health journals have many years been expounding hygienic laws and showing their violations around us, apparent in their penalties, the multiplicity of human ills. The science has had able advocates, professors stating that nothing short of physical education could empower our population and rationalize our institutions. The press, secular and popular, has approved or reported till the reading

public understands much of its own needs, and the ignorant have a sprinkling of ideas about better living. Raising sufficient physical stamina to normalize the energies, will, with instruction and fellowship, poise the judgment for asserting rights and withstanding artful enticements. Methods of operation may vary in different localities, conditions will suggest the order. Diversity of conformity to the best advice will doubtless exist, as stringent rules will not comport with friendly suasion and the freedom of personal convictions, yet a brief formula of principles will be useful; their inculcations will imply duties. Topics related to the cause are numerous, can make discussions and meetings most interesting, and only take the time now given to unprofitable entertainments. If an organization is deferred now it will be more difficult to effect it ever after. Guarantee of the goodness of the endeavor is in the incentive, that however much or little is accomplished, proportionate benefit is wrought. The much depends on the many engaged, the sustenance publicly expressed and private resolute work. The more of differing orders of liberty-loving belief, of difference on a future state on forms of government, on socialism, on labor and love, that will unite, the wider and faster will spread the benefits and the stronger tell against tyrannies. All liberal factors and factions believe in equal rights and individual poise to maintain them, and should harmonize in poising culture. Only an advanced few have benefited by good theories, the many and most needy have accepted falseness given all influence to it, and grown attempt is by integral strengthening and weaker integrally. The education now should to reach laborers in their unions with economic and cosmic lore. Women of all ranks have shared the no-rights-rule of the past, and deserve to be shown what they fail to see of the vice entailing bondage. Surely, they should awake and work for liberation if men will lead and aid, while narrowed opportunities grow narrower by church absorption and opposition. The rising age, our darling children, to be sighing slaves of rasping extortion; or free, glad souls on their own soil, claim of thinkers of to-day, the bravest, best efforts for justice that hands, brains and means can put forth. Ere long a change will come, and for the worse, if not for the better; the better can only come by intelligent action on large numbers, renewing them with a worthy zeal.

Critical importance attaches to numbers, their attitude, their solidarity, since the culmic point of the enemy turns on politics and ballots. Since the perverted government can only be changed by majorities, by ballots, liberty men had better hold that staff till they procure good changes. Perchance the practical union contemplated may combine the factors of a fortunate party. I do not overlook the fact that advanced people to whom I appeal are, in the main, using body deranging diets and drinks still common on tables that carry rheumatism to bones, neuralgia to nerves; and as regards serving the enemy are but a degree above its enrolled votaries. Conforming to usages established on the plane of, and for the use of the dictating power, yields influence and countenances encouragement to that power. Since the usages are injurious, the sentiments partial, aristocratic, slanderous, cruel, opposed to freedom of conscience and action, to pure morals and dealings and just government, they should not be patronized by those knowing the facts and loving justice. One cannot serve this, and practice that, and the noble stand should be taken while it can avail for redeeming uses.

We can disclaim spurious standards, we can avoid using superstition's ceremonies, and fashion's chains as far as their environments permit, and be much improved thereby. Doing so protests against generally known wrongs; against unjust decisions in courts that, bribed by insane husbands, confine sane wives in loathsome asylums, good folks in prison, and screen kidnappers and receivers of youthful purity for most revolting crimes. Obeying wrongs works present ills, and in time brings fearful crises, as woman's long bondage has brought this. Uniting in redeeming work brings mutual support of fellow workers; inaugurators can count themselves as students, learn while they teach, become examples as they can; dropping the sense of superiority, conferring mutually is no de-

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Evangelical Teaching at the State University.

W. A. Y. R.

"Last Sunday," says the *Alta* of December 24th, "the Rev. D. Horton preached a sermon sharply commenting on the absence of evangelical teaching at the University of California; at the same time rebuking the Rev. H. Stebbins and the Regents." Dr. Stebbins replied in a scathing letter to the *Oakland Tribune* published in the *Alta*. But does not the Rev. Horton know that "evangelical teaching" in the University would be contrary to law, and that his rebuke, amounts to a reproof of the Regents for respecting the law of this State. Of course history tells us that in the past, disregard of law has been regarded as a clerical virtue, and there is no doubt that had the Rev. Horton and his confederates charge of the University the Bible would be forthwith introduced, and a conflict inaugurated between the genesis of Moses and the genesis of Science, a disturbing element with which the President of the University has been apparently coquetting. The clergy have always held law in contempt, and have denounced science, when its revelations have refuted their fables. How then can the two dwell together in harmony?

When the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," half a century ago, ventured to suggest that "the wondrous masses which occupy the mighty void are under the control of natural law, and that phenomena precisely the same as the formation and arrangement of worlds take place continuously before our eyes," a mighty howl went forth from clerical throats. "What," said they, "you would deprive us of our miracles, of our six days creation, and God's seventh day of rest; when He ceased from his labors and creation was complete?" No. An entire system under Law, and produced by Law, is rank blasphemy. "Your nebular hypothesis is broken down by Lord Rosse's telescope which resolves your nebula into stellar clusters, and those masses which have not been thus resolved will be under more powerful instruments." Their orthodox hopes, however, have been disappointed by later observations, and forever annihilated since the invention of the spectroscopic, and the interpretation by Kirchhoff of the dark Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum. He, in 1859, incontestably demonstrated that the dark lines found in the stellar spectrum are entirely absent in the nebular spectrum. Is it therefore surprising that the evidence of an organic creation under the dominion of Order and of Law, contrary to the biblical method of creation by special creation or fiat, should meet the hostile denunciation of the orthodox world? But when in an appendix to a later edition of the "Vestiges," Dr. W. H. Weeks, announced that on the 2d of May, 1842, in a solution of salt, in distilled water, in an hermetically sealed vessel from which atmospheric air had been expelled, he had produced "swarms of *acari*" by the introduction of electricity, so great a howl went up from the orthodox "promoters of Science," at the rash infidel that had dared to usurp the "life creative attribute of the Almighty," that the work had to be suppressed, and a new edition was published with the obnoxious appendix emasculated.

These are the conservators of Science, the kind of wet nurses that carried it through the dark ages, and only occasionally burned a Bruno or two "pour encourager les autres." So much did they admire and foster Science, that not a Foster Father would attend the funeral of the great Humboldt, the distinguished philosopher, that had revealed to us the geological nature of our own planet, the magnitude of vast universes; of Sidereal systems, at inconceivable distances; of the Magellen clouds, comprising millions of stars; of undissolvable nebula; of the stellar cluster in "Kappa Crucis," whose various resplendent colors he compares to a superb piece of jewelry! This was the man whose conception of the great architect, so dwarfed the little frivolous God of orthodoxy, that they called him heretical and another infidel scientist, Sir William Herschel, who in his description of some stars of the first magnitude, Sirius, Procyon, Aldebaran, Rigel, Antares, each having minute companions, some of whose orbits have been calculated, notably that of Sirius, exclaimed: "If all these millions of suns in our milky way have planetary worlds revolving around them, how great must be the Being who originated and who animates all these!" Does the conception of such a Being, thus reverently imagined by these distinguished philosophers by that brilliant array, Galileo, Kepler, Humboldt, Lyell, Herschel—all at one time or another under the ban of the holy infallible church—harmonize with that of the Scriptural God? Can we conceive the Lord of countless worlds concerning himself about the "holy garments of Aaron's sons," *vide* Exodus 28—that the "robe of blue" should have "a hole in the top of it," like a Mexican's *sarapa*, and verse 42, "Thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness!" Can we imagine such a Being spending forty years with Moses twaddling trifles in the wilderness?

Tacitus however gives seven days to the original legend; his account is worth quotation. He says of the Jews: "Many say that they were a race of Ethiopian origin, who in the time of King Cepheus, were driven by fear and hatred of their neigh-

bors to seek a new dwelling place. Others describe them as a barbarous horde, who not having sufficient territory took possession of part of Egypt, and founded cities of their own, in what is called the Hebrew country, lying on the borders of Syria."

Then we come to the boils and blains that so grievously afflicted them: "King Boccharris, warned by the oracle of Hammon, cleansed his realm and expelled from his land this impure race, detested by the Gods. The people finding themselves left in a desert, sat for the most part in a stupor of grief, till one of the exiles Moyses by name, warned them not to look for any relief from God or man; but to trust to themselves, taking for a heaven-sent leader, that man who should first help them to be quit of their present misery; they agreed and in utter ignorance began to advance at random."

Nothing, however, distressed them so much as the scarcity of water, and they had sunk ready to perish in all directions over the plains, when a herd of wild asses were seen to retire from their pasture to a rock shaded by trees; Moyses followed them, and, guided by the appearance of a grassy spot, discovered an abundant supply of water that provided relief. Here we have the rational origin of the legend of Moyses striking the rock for water. "After a continuous journey for six days, on the seventh day they possessed themselves of a country from which they expelled the inhabitants, and in which they founded a city and a temple."

Here, then, we have the forty years in the Wilderness and the Conquest of Canaan compressed into a period of seven days. Which is the more likely story of the two, the Priest's, or the Historian's? And regarding their rites and ceremonies, he says:

"Mindful of the services done them by the wild asses, they in their holy place, consecrated an image of the animal who delivered them from death by thirst, in the wilderness." Here, we have the origin of the Golden Calf story,—it should be golden ass.

"Peculiar and perverse in all they do, the worship invented by Moyses is utterly unlike that of other nations; things sacred with us, with them have no sanctity; while they allow what, with us, is forbidden. Apis was one of the greatest of Egyptian deities, therefore the Jews sanctified that animal; they abhor and abstain from swine's flesh, in remembrance of what they suffered when infected by the leprosy, to which this animal is liable. They rest on the seventh day because it brought with it an end of their toils; and after a while the charm of indolence beguiled them into giving up the seventh year also, to inaction."

Vespasian, in 66, had been sent by Nero to put down the Jewish mutineers, and after reducing the whole level country, left his son Titus, to reduce Jerusalem, and about A. D. 70, proceeded to Alexandria, on his way to assume the Empire at Rome. Tacitus says that, "In the months during which Vespasian was waiting at Alexandria for the periodical return of settled weather at sea, many wonders occurred which seemed to point him out as the object of the favor of the gods. One of the common people of Alexandria, whom all men knew to be blind, threw himself at the Emperor's knees and implored him with groans, to heal his infirmity. He begged Vespasian that he would deign to moisten his cheeks and eyeballs with his spittle. Another with a diseased hand, prayed that the limb might feel the print of Cæsar's foot [now it is the Pope's toe]. At first Vespasian ridiculed and dispersed them; they persisted. He consulted physicians; they said the faculty of sight was not wholly destroyed and might be retained if healing influence was applied. Such might be the pleasure of the gods, and the Emperor might be the chosen minister of the divine will."

"And so Vespasian, with a joyful countenance, amid the intense expectation of the multitude, accomplished what was required; the hand was instantly restored to its use, and the light of day again shone upon the blind. The blind man had applied to the Emperor for his aid, by the advice of the god Serapis, whom the Egyptians—devoted as they are to many superstitions,—worship more than any other divinity."

Paley says: "It will hardly be denied that this pagan miracle was well attested." So, it would appear that in those days, in the absence of scientific medicos, miracles were plenty as blackberries. Vespasian was so elated with his success in the healing business, that he determined to visit the sanctuary of the god who had afforded him this opportunity of displaying a power, till then unsurpassed, and consult him regarding the restoration of the Capital at Rome, the new temple to be erected precisely upon the old Tarquinian foundations. "While in the temple of Serapis, the Emperor was visited by a divine apparition, who announced himself Basilides, son of a King." Thus evidently, this was an age of miracles, and with the aid of Basilides, it would have been just as easy for Vespasian, if needed, with his chemical knowledge, to have converted water [H₂O] into wine [C₂H₄O] as to have cured blindness under the saliva treatment; and thus, in those early days have reconciled science with miracles. But this is a digression; to return to our Moyses.

Surely the Tacitus fragment concerning him is more reliable than the scriptural account, the one inspired by reason, the other by the Lord knows whom. To any one who has traveled through arid plains, the discovery of an oasis with a spring of

water, would seem much more natural than the legend of the rock, and possibly Moyses, having no pick along, cleared out the spring, or removed some stones with his crowbar, and then, after refreshing themselves, the Hebrews filled their tin cans, as many an old Californian miner has done since, and then tramped on their way. This is just what they would do now, under similar circumstances, and one cannot conceive any sane man, or any sane tribe, loafing away forty years in the Mojave desert, with California in sight, just to hear Moyses and the Lord discussing puerilities.

The Revivalists tell us that they were engaged part of the time in giving the Decalogue, but they must have known that while writing those Commandments, they had in contemplation to break every one of them, when they got into the "promised land." Is not the Book of Joshua, who succeeded Moyses, a record of murder from beginning to end? Murder, theft, arson and every conceivable crime, inflicted on an inoffensive people by order: "Thus saith the Lord," precluding every conceivable wickedness. Is it any wonder then that piety and cruelty are twins? *Vide* Chapter vi, "Thus saith the Lord, I have given unto thy hand Jericho, and the King thereof, and the mighty men of valor;" "and the city shall be accursed, and all that are therein, only Rahab, the harlot shall live; and thou shalt utterly destroy all that are in the city, both men and women, young and old, and ox and sheep and ass with the edge of the sword."

Is this fit reading for the youth of the University, oh ye Regents, or for the children of the public schools? And while the revival is in full blast under the auspices of the united churches, would it be relevant to ask that if weeping were in order over Jerusalem, what was the matter with Jericho, would not a few tears have been appropriate right there? Why, I would have thought, that while one of the firm was cheering on the slaughter, the other members of the firm, and all the associate angels would have shed enough tears to have drowned out the fires of the burning homes, and quenched the conflagrations kindled by the Lord and Joshua. Tell us Messrs. Moody, Horton, Bane *et al*s, where was Jesus about this time, had he no influence, just then, in the councils of Deity? Would it not, even if not orthodox, have been at least more sensible to have averted misery instead of weeping over it; or is it necessary in order to feel humane to become first human?

You say you do not like controversy, Mr. Moody, do you then study the Bible, which you urge so much upon others. With your own eyes and mind closed to its atrocities, to say nothing of the butcheries, do you also endorse its indecencies? You know it is related of Julius Cæsar at Avaricum, that when he conquered the revolted Gauls, he gave up the city to destruction. But this barbarian, being a Pagan, did not decree the slaughter of a nation; nor did he rape the maidens; nor hoist the pirate's flag and deny quarters to fugitives, as decreed by the Lord and Joshua. Nor did he hold women in dishonor, as related in Judges, where the wives are brutally referred to, in the order for their slaughter, the virgins alone specified to escape from a worse fate. Why even the uncivilized Teutons, says Tacitus: "Believe that the sex has a certain sanctity and prescience, they do not despise their counsels, or make light of their answers, they venerate women but not with servile flatteries." They honored and revered the mothers of their children. Compare this treatment with that of old bachelor Paul, whose only good word was to bid them keep silent in meeting. And the very essential of Christian Divinity involves an unworthy reflection on every other good woman; for I maintain that a mother and child are the holiest things in creation, Paul and all the celibate monks, nuns and priests to the contrary notwithstanding; and that the Catholic or Calvinistic dogma, that all mankind are "born in sin" is an atrocious libel on God, on nature and humanity. And doubtless, when these holy men meet, they like the soothsayers of whom Tacitus wrote: "The less civilized are the most pious, for the Teutonic augurs, do not like the Roman, when they meet one another in the street, find it hard to look grave."

Draper in his "Conflict between Science and Religion," illustrates the utter incompatibility of the two. How then introduce the Bible to the University? Science is knowledge and common sense. Religion is fable and superstition. Thus also the hostility of Religion to Spiritualism as exhibited in every pulpit; the one is founded on Fable, the other on Fact, and naturally darkness antagonizes light.

Henry B. Allen.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I received a letter from Henry B. Allen, the famous musical and physical medium (now at Santa Barbara), who informs me he intends visiting San Francisco and Oakland shortly, on his way East. I hope the Spiritualists of your city and Oakland will give him the attention he so richly deserves. His seances are wonderful, and to those who love the physical and musical manifestations, a treat is in store they should not miss; he is accompanied by his wife. He speaks in high praise of your wonderful climate, also that he has bought property in Summerland. His seances are a wonder and a delight.

Yours, &c.,

J. G. DOANE.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Feb. 2, 1889.

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Wisdom, from the Sphere, through the mediumship of the Scribe of the Sun Angels Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Wisdom has led the children and co-workers of the Angel Order to the open doors of his home in the long ago. He will enter with you now into the spirit and atmosphere of the home. The land was sun-kissed; the air of summer laden with the fragrance of spice and balm diffused the perfumed breath of Deity throughout its length and breadth. Do you ask, how could man, the child of Deity close eyes and ears to the voices and beauty spread before him, and bear in his heart the elements of discord and unhappiness. Wisdom replies, the hearts of earth's children were yet to be attuned to the melodies of Peace, and spirits who were familiar with the harmonies of the higher life were their instructors. To be in harmony with the All Wise, there must be a oneness with that which is pure and uplifting; and in the household where Wisdom gathered his heart treasures, this oneness bound heart to heart, soul to soul, with golden links of life that were fadeless and enduring. The heart of his companion were attuned with his own and the angels. Thoughts came to us on the breeze; thoughts wafted from the unseen, which we sent forth on their mission of peace to many others. Thus we made an atmosphere in which we might receive the silent messengers, who ever wend their way from hills of Celestial Light to bless those they love. Thus we came to understand that the unseen were constant visitors in our home. Wisdom's companions oft saw in her visions at eventide, the forms of immortals clothed in white, who seemed strangely familiar to her. She could but wonder, had they not been her own companions in a land, somewhere, beyond the shadows which encompassed us in forgetfulness. Echoes at first faint, shadows at first dim, but increasing in tone and density, as time went on, became familiar sounds and sights in our home. These gave to us a feeling of peace and trust, we felt to inquire concerning events with which the land was filled, and in answer received in our silent communing, thoughts we could impart and were proven to be thoughts of Wisdom. Thus in a dim manner the denizens of the higher life were made known to us, and their teachings given to the people. Very quietly and carefully we sought to impress minds with knowledge which appealed to our own hearts as the Divine, and wisely was the seed sown, Wisdom and the one he will call Zehara received from the hands of the angels the spirits who came to be workers in the land. In this unrolling of her purposes, Saidie was no silent worker. Then as now, she surveyed the fields on which her own were sowing the seed of the kingdom, working with heart and soul, as only an angel can work. Impressing every mind angel power could touch with thoughts of higher truths and of more lofty purpose, she sought to baptize the land with the light of higher aspirations. That harvest would contain much worthless stubble, but it was well for the time; sheaves would be gathered more and more free from tares, until in the time so long to be foreshadowed ere its dawn had fully come the result of each harvest should tell of faithful work in its grand result.

There came to our home as its children, two sons and three daughters. These from the land where councils were held, had taken upon themselves, willingly, the burden of an earth life at a time when their ministrations to the people thereof would be productive of the greatest good. These are now bearing their burthens as nobly as then. Some with us in the land of souls, seek often the paths leading to the side of their loved ones who are solving a new problem of life, while watch and guard is kept by those who never fail.

Wisdom has but outlined a picture of long ago. The time will come when our periodicals and papers will contain fully the records of the past; when spirits will give in this public manner, records now given only to the few who are receptive through unfoldment, to such memories. Wisdom comes from afar, seeking the side of those whose hearts reach out for the light of a long ago, that they may understand better who they are, and know their own pathway through the ages to the present time. Among those who were his children he walks both unseen. Three of the number wear mortal robes, knowing that at some era of their existence they have dwelt as children under his roof. The two with the angels have earned their immortal robe and crown; no more will incarnation recall them to the valleys, and when the tide of life shall bear all to the shore of the Beyond, Wisdom with others would welcome them to the Home of Light and Peace, and their well-earned inheritance of immortality.

To each child of the Sun Angels Order, these records come with the fadeless light of the ages. Within each soul rests the acceptance and assurance of their truth. We must give from out the past, we gather up its golden treasures, and fain would shower them unstintingly upon your hearts, but a wave of distress and doubt rises from hearts we would bless, while voices cry out for proof. Then we bid you turn your thought within; note the unfoldment you possess, call upon God lying there to assert His divine power; listen to the voice of your highest reason; look abroad o'er the broad face of Nature, note the working of the law of cause and effect; see how planets are ruled and their un-

foldment governed; then learn the laws of the spirit; understand all these things well, learn wisdom from all things, then prove the truth or falsity of that which the higher spirits lay in your own highest unfoldment. We will place before your mind the brightest gems of wisdom mortals can receive, the spirit of which can permeate each daily life, and as in the long ago we stayed the tide of conflict and brought that of peace to the land, now will we do the same, bringing to each heart the baptism of higher heavens. We send you forth upon a mission of peace.

We will be by your side in every conflict, caring for and protecting you as long as angels who sought earth as a land of promise, came thither to inaugurate a time of peace and prosperity, when hearts were suffering and the land scourged by a tide of war. More and more will open the history of the past, and be revealed to you our care for the planet for whose unfoldment and ultimate redemption mortal and immortal work, heart to heart and hand to hand. May each child of the heaven-born Order receive light and knowledge unstintingly, with the love and blessing of

WISDOM.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Power of Spirits.

BY EDWARD A. HODSDON.

In 1838, I was serving on board of the United States Line of Battle Ship, North Carolina, the Flag Ship of the Pacific Squadron. We were laying at anchor in Valparaiso.

I was eighteen years old, rated first class boy, and weighed 140 pounds. The hammock deck of a man of war, in service, is always lighted, and my hammock was near the ship's bell, which was struck every half hour. To hang up my hammock, I had to reach above my head, as far as I possibly could. To unhook it with my weight in it, at such disadvantage, would have been impossible for me.

I had been asleep; I was awakened by the sensation of sliding down in my hammock, as it was gradually lowered at the foot, until I was sitting nearly upright on the deck. I was much surprised! I looked about, as I sat there, considering what this thing might mean. The hammock above my head, the long tiers of guns on either side of me, the ship's bell, etc., etc., were all in plain view; but no person was to be seen stirring.

The awkwardness of the position and the breach of discipline, should I be seen in that position, soon dawned upon me, and I got up, replaced the clew of the hammock on its hook, and swung myself into it. I was still pondering upon this strange phenomenon, when five or ten minutes later, the master at arms came and struck eight bells. That of course meant 12 o'clock at night and I fixed the time in my mind. I did not mention the occurrence to any one. I do not remember of having any desire to mention it. If I had such desire, the fear of ridicule caused me to keep silence. I still kept thinking the matter over; I tried to make myself believe it was a joke, played upon me by one of my ship-mates. But which of them could perform such a feat? And how could he hang on the clew, and let me down so gradually, and I not see him? Besides, had it been a joke, the joker would no doubt, have made some subsequent allusion to the fact.

In June, 1839, we arrived in New York, and on the 13th of July, I was paid off and received my discharge.

A few weeks later, I was in Bangor, Maine. As I walked up the dock at the mouth of Kenduskeag stream, I recognized the schooner *Greyhound*, Captain Elisha Blake, who was a relation of mine. He was greatly surprised when I stepped on board and greeted him.

"Why," said he, "you was given up for lost at sea, three years ago!"

"That is not to be wondered at, for I have been gone five years, and you are the first person I have met since my return, that I have known before; but how are the folks in Castine?"

"They were all well when I left there yesterday."

"How is father?"

The Captain looked at me in a sad, surprised, questioning sort of way, and for a moment did not answer. Nor need he. I saw it all; the letting down of the hammock was explained. It came upon me with the force of absolute conviction, that my father had passed out of the mortal body, and that his spirit had given me that warning. Recovering himself, the Captain replied, "Your father and I were warm friends; he died a year ago last May."

From this, and similar incidents in my experience, I am convinced that the departed spirit retains its identity,—can track its loved ones to the ends of the earth, and that its physical powers are vastly increased.

RICHFIELD, MINN., Feb. 1, 1889.

P. S.—The "delicacy" of the "Planchette" may be of advantage to spirits in the body. By means of magnetic currents they may communicate with themselves; at least, I think this may be so. I have little faith in the phenomena usually witnessed at what are termed "Spiritual Seances." I do know that the spirits that have come to me, have come unlooked for, and have manifested superhuman power.

HODSDON.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Morning Lesson.

BY ELA L. MERRIAM.

While out at an unusually early hour on a recent frosty morning, walking briskly, and my thoughts evidently veering with my steps, only occasionally encountering a fellow pedestrian, like myself, forced out for some needed article, or starting for the scene of their daily and possibly burdensome duties, my hearing was arrested by the approaching rumble of heavy wheels. Turning my glance backward, I discovered in the dim grey light, a coarsely, thinly clad, but hearty looking teamster, perched upon his lofty wagon-seat, handling firmly, but kindly I fancied the reins that guided his heavy, well kept team. The cold air must have nipped his ruddy features, and played various antics with his unkempt hair and beard, and I should fancy found with but little opposition its way through his scanty clothing. But what matters the cold to him? What was an early "outing out" from a warm bed, a half hour's brisk work upon his cherished horses, a hastily prepared and probably scanty breakfast, and an early beginning of a long and arduous day's toil?

The "bird of song" was in his heart! His spirits did not chill with the morning, nor sink under the monotonous, unpromising prospect before him! Ah, no! Not if one were to judge by the cheery and melodious whistle, issuing from an apparently light, courageous and happy heart. Why, my own spirits leaped in response to the joyous strain, and my heart was lighter and my steps still more buoyant, while yet the notes floated back to my ear. They seemed to vibrate in such delightful contrast to the chill and silence of the surroundings. Somehow, something more than that simple melody penetrated and lodged within my being! New thoughts and ideas together with newly revived ones, rushed into my mind, and clamored for my attention, and I would like, dear reader, to give some of them to you. They may not convey the same significance to you; but oh, they seem so full of importance every to human soul, who has to endure the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and suffer the usual discomforts, disappointments and annoyances of earthly experience. There was a lesson, and this was my interpretation of it: No matter how limited or how humble our sphere of operations; no matter how scanty our purses, or meagre our material possessions; no matter how destitute our lives of their anticipated fruitions, or incongenial our surroundings, or barren our homes of coveted adornments, we only have all the greater need of building up within our immortal beings, safe from disastrous circumstance or corroding influence, a temple of cheer, of hope, and of song. For if these heavenly guests dwell constantly within, there will be no room for uninvited or unwelcome ones. So that the Kingdom of heaven is within us and God, the source and expression of all good and happiness reigns supreme therein, dispensing light in dark places, and gratifying the soul needs; then no matter if frosts blight, poverty stings and fatigue enervates the mortal tabernacle, this "bird of song" within our hearts, will keep us ever patient, ever hopeful, ever brave and ever joyful. "Riches take wings and flee away," but this beautiful "bird of Paradise," fed and fostered within our imperishable being, will prove a constant messenger and benefactor of all good here and hereafter! And then, dear ones, the unharmonious conditions surrounding sensitive spirits, the absence of luxuries, comfort you even of many necessities of life will lose half, and I firmly believe the greatest part of their discomfort and pain. The hovel will seem illuminated and adorned far above the palace, the desert will bloom as the rose, and all nature lift up her voice in unison with the peace and harmony within! This sublime but attainable condition is only reached step by step. Peace must be coveted and courted instead of strife; hope dethrone fear and selfishness, in all her noble manifestations; and happy results desired above greed. While contentment, the capstone of this earthly structure must be earnestly, patiently and cheerfully placed!

This new and beautiful significance and pursuit in life, will not only make our existence "worth the living," but its emanations cannot fail to regale and brighten those who come within our atmosphere. "And a little child shall lead them!" If only an unlettered, uncultured teamster! Thus this every moment and every experience in life, however brief or trivial, freighted with immortal value which in deed and in truth is, immortal blessings. Every hour teems with influences and pictures that if correctly studied and applied, will bear our human bark into ever widening, ever deepening and ever brightening waters. Humility, tractability, clear reasoning and sound judgment must ever be our watchword, and we shall safely plow through roughest seas, gaining new wisdom and increased strength in every encounter until our bark triumphantly reaches its final beautiful harbor, the goal of human desire, the eternal home of the soul!

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

There is only one thing that is more terrible than to say a mean thing, and that is to do one.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the house, just as faithfully as

if we stood in the first rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength, and skill.—Theodore Parker.

Oil at Santa Barbara.

The Occidental Petroleum and Mining Company is now being organized for the purpose of developing the oil wells just discovered on the Mesa. There is no longer any doubt but that oil is contained in the earth about Santa Barbara in immensely large and paying quantities.

We are well aware that after the repeated reports of oil finds in different sections of this country, which, upon test, have developed nil to the investors, that readers are apt to take all statements made concerning new finds with a strong dash of salt.

There has always been one thing in the way of successful oil mining, and that is, that all researches thus far have stopped too short. They have never gone down to the depths where the oil is contained in any reservoir. The nearest approach made to it was that made by Mr. Williams at the Williams well. In that instance the first and second layer, or bed, of sandstone was cut through, but from some cause the digging was stopped before the third sandstone bed was reached. The first sandstone bed was two hundred feet through, the second twenty-four feet, and the third, as before stated, was not reached. Now it is in the third layer of sandstone that petroleum has hitherto been found, wherever it has paid for the digging.

The conditions and indications around Santa Barbara show conclusively that there is an immense reservoir of oil somewhere near. The conditions here are identical with those of the Baku wells on the Caspian sea, at which point millions of gallons of oil were wasted when the reservoir was struck, so large and free was the flow, and beyond all expectations and preparations. There, as here, the oil came from the ocean; here it comes, apparently, from about the direction of the Santa Cruz island. The surface indications show better here than they did at the richest points in Pennsylvania and Tennessee during their oil discoveries. Of course it is utterly impossible to make any computation of the oil yield, the size of the reservoir, or anything of that kind, until a well has been sunk, although beyond all question the indications promise a rich return for all investments.

Singular Premonitions.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

A few minutes after the fall of the Wiley building the other day, while a crowd was gathered to view the ruins in which so many mangled and dead people lay, a stranger who was gazing at the wrecked structures from the opposite side of Wood street entered into conversation with a Dispatch reporter. He said:

"For about five years on every week day I have passed along that side of Wood street at about the hour this terrible disaster occurred. To-day I was on my way to Fifth avenue and had reached the Chamber of Commerce building, when a sudden impulse came upon me to take the other side of the street. I crossed over, and before I reached the sidewalk the crash came. Had I kept along as I was going I would have been in front of the Weldin building just in time to be crushed by bricks and falling timber. I can no more account for the action which probably saved my life than you can. I simply felt that I must do it, and I do not know that I felt even a premonition of danger."

"Years ago I escaped being robbed and possibly murdered in a way that was equally remarkable. At the time I was a collector in the Province of Ontario. One bitter cold winter evening I found myself in a small town about fifty miles from Toronto, with a large sum of money in my possession. Having determined to go to Toronto that night on the 9 o'clock train, I telegraphed to the hotel where I usually stopped, and asked that a room be reserved for me and a fire put in it. When the train came along, I got on the front of the smoking car, walked through that car, through the next one, then got off and went to the telegraph office and sent another message to the Toronto hotel, stating that I had changed my mind and was not coming that night. What made me do so was more than I could tell—the same indefinable impulse that controlled me to-day had possession of me."

"I went back to the house where I had taken supper, and remained there all night. The next morning I read in the Toronto paper of an assault and attempted robbery of a man who had arrived in the city on the train I was going to take, but did not. The man was sand-bagged while on his way from the depot to the hotel, and from the description given he must have been my exact counterpart—dress, size, color of hair, and even the cut of his whiskers being like my own. The thugs had mistaken him for me, and they knew I had money."

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous and self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize which the soul can win.—Romola.

Not to feel misfortune is not the part of a mortal, but not to bear them is unbecoming a man.

A Manifestation of the Spirit.

[Chicago News.]

For two weeks the people of Owen township labored hard to get up a revival at Shiloh Church, but without success, says a letter from Jeffersonville, Ind. They were ready to give up, when, at the last meeting, a pious looking stranger walked into the church, was asked to pray, and readily responded. His supplication was fervent and extraordinary. He asked that a sign be given them. His prayer was answered. All the lights went out, the pulpit was violently flung into a corner, and at the same moment the stoves were upset, leaving the church in utter darkness. The congregation fled panic-stricken. In the morning the more courageous returned. They found the stoves and pulpit in their usual places and no signs of any disturbance.

After scratching his head and thinking for some moments a Grand Rapids boy said to his mother: "If God makes a stock of little boy and girl babies and gives them to married folks, it seems funny to me that they look so much like their papas and mammas every time."—Detroit Tribune.

To protect ourselves against the storms of passion, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman, it is a tempest in the harbor.

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nov10-5m*

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

JOB PRINTING.

Having added a small, but very select jobbing department to our office, we are now prepared to execute all manner of small printing—bill heads, letter heads, circulars, visiting and business cards, programs, etc.,—in a very superior manner. Give us a trial.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

We have no time to waste in unprofitable bickerings, or useless explanations. We should ever strive to live in a realm of thought currents that lead only to the All Good. Though clouds and shadows hover over the valleys, the sun shines bright and clear at the mountain top. Thither our pathway leads, and the angels of the bending skies ever invite us upward.

The worm is no respecter of persons, neither is it particularly aesthetic in its tastes. The cheek of innocent maidenhood furnishes no daintier morsel than the hardened sinews of age. All is corruption, when once the spirit steps forth disentangled. There is nothing permanent in matter—all is change and decay. The spirit only shall live forever—in light or darkness, as we will.

No criminal was ever made better by punishment, and no wrong-doer by abuse. We can benefit the erring only by strengthening their moral natures—by building them up in good purposes, and calling them out on the higher planes of their being. This can be accomplished only as a labor of love. Whoever seeks to drive men into better ways of life has his labor for his pains; not only that, he hardens his own nature, filling his spirit with all unkindness and bitterness.

The wise man climbs to the higher levels of life by his mistakes. He who falls and rises again thereby gives evidence that he possesses the metal of true manhood. Why should we continue to condemn one who has recovered his missteps? Jesus did not condemn, but simply admonished the fallen one to "go and sin no more." There are too many people in the world puffed up with the pharisaical idea that they are better than their neighbors, and that their superior goodness is due to some superior excellence of their own. It will be as humiliating to their pride, as it was to that of their illustrious self-righteous prototypes, when the Master shall say unto them, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

The rich man who shall establish, or cause to be established, a clean daily newspaper in this community,—a paper that shall be silent to all slogging matches, save to condemn them; to dog fights, to police court reports, to divorce scandals, and to all other matters that defile,—that shall seek to lead public taste into better ways, instead of catering to the beastly side of human nature,—such a man would be a greater benefactor of his race, than though he founded a dozen Universities. Could such a paper live? Why not? Employ upon it the best writers in all departments of decent and respectable journalism, make it emphatically a clean, instructive family newspaper, and who does not see that it would soon command a wide range of patronage.

As yet spiritual truth is only for the few. The multitude are not yet ready for it. Step by step and little by little the sunlight of the new dispensation breaks upon the world. The new convert to the stupendous facts of spirit existence and communion, is apt to be enthusiastic. He is naturally anxious that his friends shall be brought face to face with such facts and phenomena as have convinced him of the central truths of Spiritualism. The result, in many instances, has been disastrous to the medium and of no benefit to the investigator. It is not the conviction of a great truth that men like Prof. Huxley seek for in their investigation of spirit mediumship, but to prove to their own satisfaction that there is no truth in it, and that what they do not know about nature's ways isn't worth knowing! The truth comes only to those who are ready and willing to receive it.

"Did he leave anything?" That is the inquiry the world often makes concerning one who has passed on to spirit life. It is the question which oftentimes most interests surviving kindred. But the question which most concerns the departed is, "Did he take anything with him?" Some there are who, dying, leave everything. They are to be pitied. Those who leave most, in a worldly sense, are usually those who take the least along with them. It all depends upon the nature of our opportunities, and the use we make of them.

Day after day the funeral cortege moves slowly toward the city of the dead. There are the same sable trappings of woe, the same funeral aspect of the pall-bearers, the same solemn visaged neighbors and friends. And thus we lay away our dead—the young and the aged—the tender blades and the ripened ears. And then we erect monuments to their memories, which, a century hence, will be regarded by the living as a precious waste of marble. Why seek thus to perpetuate the memory of the mortal body, which, a few years hence will be but a handful of dust? Nothing lives but the spirit and naught in the memory of that should be perpetuated save its generous promptings to noble needs. The most elegant monument is seldom for the most worthy, but rather for the one whose mortal representatives possess the longest purse. After all, are not our funeral customs the out-growth of paganism, the same as that which filled the rocky cliffs that border the valley of the Nile with mummies, and for the same object—the possible resurrection of the mortal body to a renewed life? As we bring ourselves more and more into the life of the spirit, the less regard will we have for the preservation of the decaying mass whence the vital spark has flown; but rather shall we not hasten its restoration, by refining fires, to the elements whence it was taken?

OPPOSITION.

No success in any enterprise was ever attained in this life without opposition. The envy of small natures and the ignorance of others seem to have conspired to confront our Spiritual Colony project, but it will be without avail, as all who visit the place are at once impressed with its beauty of location, and its entire desirability for the purpose intended.

It is needless to say that the opposition comes from those who never saw Summerland, and who would naturally oppose anything that found approval in the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, especially if there was any prospect of advantage therein to said journal. As a sample of the wild stories afloat about our infant town, it is said that the place is "an immense slough, salt-pond and gully," when the fact is there is not a square foot of the town-site that is not at least ten feet above the sea-level. Another story, and said to be the statement of a resident of Santa Barbara, is to the effect that there is "no such place as Summerland—that the scheme is a 'myth and fraud.'" And this, too in face of the fact that the Santa Barbara papers are publishing long lists of deeds for lots in Summerland, and that an official map of the town is on file in the Recorder's office of Santa Barbara county!

These reports, coming to the ears of a number of purchasers in Los Angeles, they had decided to abandon the project, but were first induced to send a committee to examine the property. The result of their visit will be found in the following item from the Santa Barbara Press of Feb. 10th:

SUCCESS OF SUMMERLAND.—A Committee of Spiritualists from Los Angeles visited Summerland on Friday to examine the site and report on the same. What their report will be can best be judged by the fact that the Committee purchased for themselves twenty-seven lots!

We do not propose to follow up all the foolish and envious misrepresentations of Summerland that we hear of. They all help to advertise the place. We will only add that about two hundred lots have been purchased by Santa Barbara Spiritualists, who know all about, and are thoroughly satisfied with, the property. Of course, everybody understands, or ought to, that it is only about three months ago that the Summerland Colony project was first presented to the world. Cities are not built in a day. Wait, dear public, a little while and see.

NOT AGREED.—At a recent meeting of the Methodist clergy of this city, Rev. Mr. Dennett read a paper on the "Growing Tendency to Union Among the Evangelical Churches," which elicited some significant divergent opinions. Dr. Hammond did not agree with the essay altogether. One denomination made more of the liturgical element, another of the intellectual and a third of the emotional. Each had its place, and the law of the survival of the fittest would have sway. Dr. McCreary said union churches were good in theory, but he had not found them to work well in practice. Competition was the life of religion as well as of trade. Presiding Elder Howard said much of the talk about church union was "nambypamby flapping and did not mean anything." He was tired of it, and believed in a union among Methodists, but not of Methodists with other denominations. Dr. Harrison said that church division sometimes led to increased spiritual life, as in the reformations by Luther and Wesley. Rev. Dr. Carver said his experience was like that of Dr. McCreary. He "never wanted to live 'again in a place where there was but one denomination of Christians.'" In closing the discussion, Mr. Dennett remarked that "the devil was sometimes in the churches, and the fewer churches there were the less devil there was."

A SENSIBLE VIEW.

Many persons claim to have been permitted to visit Heaven while in a state of trance, and to all but one, so far as our knowledge goes, it has appeared a place of superlative grandeur and indescribable loveliness, not at all comparable with any scene on our material plane. The exception alluded to is one William Salisbury, of East Rockport, suburb of Cleveland, Ohio. This gentleman says Heaven is but an improved earth, divided into planes, of which he visited seven. He tells of persons he saw in the several spheres, but does not speak of Jesus, whom we doubt not, has grown beyond all the spheres known to other spirits. One singular thing in Mr. Salisbury's experience is the time he says he was in making the journey—six days and nights. He is not a Spiritualist, which to most persons would add a greater weight to his story, as the latter are always accused of "seeing sights." What struck us, was his conception of Heaven—"an improved earth," which is just what it must be, if peopled by beings like ourselves, but who have come up out of their tribulations, grown strong, pure and wise through suffering, until they have created a Heaven within, and therefore, have Heaven around them. Our earth is beautiful enough for Heaven, had we only the conditions. Material conditions are too much at variance, one state with another, to admit of harmony; mortals are too selfish to study how to make theirs more equal, and physical necessities are so great and pressing, that self-preservation becomes the first law known to man. And yet, he will one day look back and see that to help in preserving another, would also be helping himself.

The spirit of happiness and peace is communicable; so is that of want, suffering and vice. Each one is influenced by the conditions around him, whether they be his own or another's. Did each one strive to make his associates all he would be himself; to inspire them with his hope and belief in better things and higher possibilities for each day one lives; to learn the laws of discord and harmony, of health and disease; did all those who know these things labor to instruct the ignorant, and help them to the time and means of listening to these truths, we should soon have an "improved earth." But it will come whether each does his whole duty or not; spirit is greater than matter, and it is working miracles every day. The old, but newly awakened theories, now being preached, are sure to subdue all existing evils. We shall have an "improved earth."

CRIME.

There have been assigned many reasons for the epidemic of crime that has raged during the last ten years in the United States. Some look upon this condition of things as a fulfillment of Scriptural prophecy; some explain it on the ground of planetary influences; others hold it to be mainly the result of evil spiritual inspirations—the revengeful feelings of those ushered out of their material bodies by the administration of our criminal laws; and yet another class of minds attribute this era of unprecedented crime to the late war of the rebellion, that it is the natural outcome of the revengeful and murderous emotions that for ten or more years were cherished in the minds of the parents of the children then in embryo. We think the two last explanations give the true reason and cause of this long period of civil carnage.

We doubt not that the "malific influences" found in space, come from souls whose bodies were executed, seeking to avenge their murderers, for all life-taking is murder, whether sanctioned by the law, or done in violation of it. Many differences of opinion are held regarding capital punishment, the most irrational and inhuman, to our mind, being, that to deter criminal intentions, the details of punishment should be as public and revolting as possible, and given all the circulation the press affords; that it is the horrors of executions alone that tend to abate crime, and that they should be vividly portrayed for the benefit of those who cannot witness the scene. The advocates of this repulsive theory do not apparently take into account the readiness with which the human mind and feelings become accustomed to scenes of the scaffold and their reports. There is no more certain way of making criminals than to callous the sensibilities, and this we are doing by every public execution. We are heartily thankful the last named remedy for crime is not largely accepted, and that the opposite view is being more generally taken. The bill introduced into our last Legislature by Dixon, providing that all executions at San Quentin prison, under the supervision of the Warden, shall be private, ought to pass; but it should have included all executions in the State. Such a law should obtain in every State in the Union. But still capital punishment is murder, and it cannot, by any possible reasoning, be made to appear otherwise. By forbidding spectators and detailed reports of such crimes, we lessen the bitter feelings of the criminal, and likewise the inclination or determination to avenge his death through those he could influence from the other side of life. Life! Yes; it is all life, and more potent there than here. Hanging never did and never will rid the world of a criminal.

W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, Feb. 10th, W. J. Colville delivered a very interesting and instructive inspirational discourse on "Water Turned to Wine," followed by an unusually fine poetic improvisation on the same subject during the regular morning service in Metropolitan Temple.

On Sunday next, Feb. 17th, W. J. Colville's subject in that place, at 10:45 A. M., will be "The Spiritual Substitute for Competition in Modern Life," a reply to Bishop Potter's article in this month's issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. All seats free. Plate at the door for visitors' offerings.

Excellent music by Professor Eckman (organist), Mme. Bishop (soprano), and other fine artists.

At the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, W. J. Colville lectured to an overcrowded audience at 7:30 P. M., on "Mary Stuart;" the lecture was remarkable, and enchaind the attention of the large audience. Excellent music was rendered by the choir and congregation. The display of lilies on the platform was very beautiful.

On Sunday next, Feb. 17th, at 7:30 P. M., Mr. Colville's subject will be, "Old and New Education: A Review of Past and a Glimpse of Future Methods." Seats free. Everybody invited.

OUTSIDE.

In all departments of mind-work, originality is met by opposition. We say originality, but in truth nothing is original with man, but in expression. The one who is first to give an idea to his generation, receives credit therefor; but credit is not always thanks, gratitude nor appreciation. If inspired minds stopped to consider the result of their works, they would do but little, for impressionable minds are sensitive, also impulsive, and act quickly. They are conscientious, too, and though they may suffer from harsh and unjust criticism, they are no cowards, to retract or shrink from the rough way before them, but find consolation in that they are right, and that time will turn all their opposers into allies.

Religion, science and art have each created fixed spheres for action, growth and progress, and those who conform thereto, are called orthodox—sound; those who dare to venture outside these limits are heterodox—infidel. Creeds can only be fastened on to young minds; they must grow with the body to have any hold, and yet they do not always become a part of the being; all depends upon the soil, its quality of mentality. If we look closely we will find that the intolerant, the uncharitable, are those who conform and petrify to old things; while those who go forth and look around them, seeing the great teeming world of life, action and growth in all things are the hopeful ones of the race; the ones who look with compassion and pity upon those left behind in the darkness of defunct or dying things. All must live each his own life, and think his own thoughts, and not those prescribed by another.

When all do this, there will be universal charity and universal progress and mental freedom. Each intelligent mind will be a revelation because each one will draw from its great reservoir of thought, some new truth it alone can express. There are volumes of wisdom never opened, because of the minds slumbering in the cradle of the world's infancy. Many of them are just perceiving that they need no longer the swaddling clothes; that they can and should stand alone and walk forth as responsible men and women. Many perceive, but few act, they are afraid they may be wrong, so weak are they from being led.

ONE OF THEM.

Rev. Dr. Harcourt classes the tongue among the "seven great criminals" found in man. We believe it may indeed become such, and even exceed in criminality the deeds of the hands, because it often consigns its victims to a living death. The world has a very bad tongue, and it would be a great deal in its favor if it would only suppress its chatter and abuse until it knows precisely its reason for wagging; but we must confess that such discretion would cause a great silence to fall upon the earth. Speculation, surmise and guessing take the place of knowledge and facts to too great an extent, both as to persons and things. There is a belief entertained by a few, that a sound once uttered never dies, but continues its circles through space and all eternity, just as a stone cast into the water causes ripple after ripple upon the surface, until they touch the shore at all points.

There being no bounds to space, is it unreasonable to suppose that sound-waves may repeat themselves on through the ages into infinity? This being true, the words of each will come back to each—kind words, hard words, pure words, gentle words, flattering, hypocritical words, and all manner of words that come from all manner of lips. What "music of the spheres" are many idle tongues creating for themselves in filling the hours with gossip, and idle and low talk. It would be well if some such belief could take a hold strong enough on such to cause them to think three or four times before uttering all they would say.

Harsh rumors, false reports and pure falsehoods, would soon grow "beautifully less," and many lives would become happier, many better, and all more useful. The tongue makes or mars, creates or destroys; it has doomed many a life to sorrow that it once raised to the highest and greatest joy. We believe all true religion lies in the tongue, for we hold it impossible for one to think wrong without speaking it, and if it is not spoken, it is not in the man or woman.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.—A good audience greeted the managers of the Young People's Meeting last Sunday evening at 9:09 1-2 Market street. The program, which was heartily applauded, was as follows: Familiar hymns by the audience; reading, "Marco Bozaris," G. F. Perkins; Song of Greeting, Miss Katie Durning; Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Ely and G. F. Perkins; recitation, "The Poor Old Woman," Clement Ward; vocal duet, Miss Alice Anderson, Miss Jessie Cranston; song, Miss Hilda Fogelberg; recitation, John Anderson; vocal duet, Mr. Ely, G. F. Perkins; violin and piano duet, Mrs. Stout and Mr. Ely; recitation, Miss Jessie Cranston; song, Mr. Thomas Eggert; song, Miss Katie Durning; Phenological readings, G. F. Perkins; humorous song, G. F. Perkins. Remarks and spirit tests by Mrs. Perkins, who held the audience until quite a late hour; much interest was manifested. See Sunday papers for notice of next meeting, and program.

—The House of Representatives of Massachusetts has adopted the proposed Constitutional prohibitory amendment by a vote of 116 to 69.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We have some excellent articles from several of our best writers for the next issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—The editor and his wife, of the GOLDEN GATE, will spend the last week of the present month in Santa Barbara and Summerland. They intend to leave home on Saturday, the 23d.

—James G. Clark, the poet and sweet singer, will give one of his rare and rich musical entertainments at Metaphysical College Hall, 106 McAllister street, this (Saturday) evening.

—A wealthy Spiritualist of Chicago, who owns ten lots in our new Spiritual Colony, Summerland, informs us that he intends to erect a nice building on his property the coming summer, and make that lovely spot his future residence.

—Another charming poem from our gifted poetic contributor, Stanley Fitzpatrick, appears on our eighth page. Ah, Stanley, if you write many such poems, our readers will begin to doubt the masculine significance of your *nom de plume*.

—Mrs. Singer's lectures at Albion Hall, on "Mental Therapeutics," are attracting no little attention for their breadth of thought and deep spiritual significance. She certainly needs only to be known and heard to attract a large and appreciative patronage.

—Purchasers of lots in Summerland, having any doubts as to the value of their purchases, are invited to call on Mrs. Dr. A. C. Johnson, 844 Haight street, for information thereof. Mr. Johnson's husband, Mr. Seymour Johnson, a well known railroad man, has recently visited the town-site, and will confirm all the good words we have said about the place.

—Bro. Samuel D. Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "This month we are being ministered to by Brother J. Clegg Wright, who, at times, is quite eloquent in the advocacy of our glorious and inspiring Cause, which, amid the direct opposition and false presentations of the 'malicious press and time serving clergy,' is gallantly and forcibly pushing forward the liberalizing, heart-cheering evidences of a progressive future."

—The Union Spiritual Society held its usual meeting on last Wednesday evening, at 111 Larkin street. The first hour was occupied by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the wonderful inspirational speaker, in answering questions. Mrs. Leith, a lady who has just arrived in our city from New York, gave some good spiritual advice, followed by the pioneer medium, Mrs. M. J. Hendee. The society is in a prosperous condition, and invite all who wish to spend a pleasant evening to attend. Meeting every Wednesday evening at 111 Larkin street.

—We have received for review a book of 250 pages, by Reuben Briggs Davenport, entitled, "The Death Blow to Spiritualism: Being the True Story of the Fox Sisters as revealed by authority of Margaret Fox Kane and Catherine Fox Jencken." Reuben tells us, in his preface, with a modesty equaled only by his ignorance, that "no one who does not love illusion better than 'he loves the truth, can, after reading this volume, remain a follower of Spiritualism and its 'hypocritical apostles.'" O, Reuben! Reuben! How very, very little you happen to know! Your book is not worth noticing.

—A good brother writes of the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE: "Your issue of to-day is a 'grand one—grand in its breadth and liberality, its heart and soul. Your editorial comments speak to the great Heart of Humanity, not to the petty strifes and partisan littlenesses of human nature. There is but one groove and that is the broad one, that all the race tread. He who makes the way clearer and plainer is a benefactor of the race. Courage and patience, my Brother; others, too, are working with you to the same end—Unity and Brotherhood—the supreme object of life. This from 'my own heart, which I would have warm with the great love, to yours.'"

—Ladies' Elmsmere Club, formerly the auxiliary to the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock; Vice-President, Mrs. E. B. Barton; Treasurer, Mrs. Titcomb; Secretary, Miss Libbie Hill; Board of Directors, Mrs. J. M. Mathews, Mrs. J. B. Rider, Mrs. H. T. Mitchner, Mrs. C. A. Rogers, Mrs. M. B. Dodge. The Elmsmere Free Kindergarten will be opened on February 11th, (under the supervision of the Club,) on Jessie street, near Fifth, in the building formerly occupied by the Jessie Street Kindergarten, retaining Miss Josie Hill, as Principal. The Jessie street school having been closed by the manager, Mrs. R. A. Robinson, on January 21st. The Club will meet every Thursday afternoon at 117 Leavenworth street, where the members are busily engaged making articles for a bazaar soon to be held. A social will be held on March 2nd, at Mrs. J. B. Rider's, 2513 Folsom street. All persons interested in this work will receive a cordial greeting.

Mistaken.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The writer of the article, "A Theosophical Fraud" which appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* about a week ago, is mistaken. Neither Moore, Blavatsky, nor the Theosophical Society has anything to do with Ohmart, Nyaka and his Rocky Mountain College Scheme, which later emanated from the Esoteric Society of Boston with which the Theosophical Society is not concerned.

It might preserve the *Chronicle's* reputation of reliability, if writers on theosophical matters would first acquaint themselves with the real statue of its affairs, before allowing their ignorance to appear in print.

THEO. G. ED. WOLLEL, F. T. S.
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1889.

NEW COURSE.

W. J. Colville's classes, having received the full complement of teaching for the first term, as advertised in the GOLDEN GATE, a new course of instruction will begin next week. The teachings on Spiritual Science or Metaphysics, applied to health and harmony, will be given on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 P. M., commencing Tuesday, February 19th, and continuing six weeks. Instruction on Theosophy will be given on the same days at 10 A. M. The following is a complete and orderly list of subjects treated in both courses:

MORNING COURSE—THEOSOPHY.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.—Theosophy, What it is and What it is not.

Friday, Feb. 22d.—The Mystery of the Ages, or the Secret Doctrine of all Religions.

Tuesday, Feb. 26th.—Theosophy in Egypt, Hermetic System.

Friday, March 1st.—Theosophy in Persia, the Zoroastrian Idea.

Tuesday, March 5th.—Theosophy in India—Brahmanism.

Friday, March 8th.—Theosophy in India, part 2, Buddhism.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Magic—Red, White, Gray and Black.

Friday, March 15th.—Difference between Spiritual Adepts and ordinary Magicians.

Tuesday, March 19th.—The Rosicrucians, their Theories of Cosmology.

Friday, March 22d.—The Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life.

Tuesday, March 26th.—The Planetary Chain.

Friday, March 29th.—Nirvana.

EVENING COURSE—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE OF HEALTH AND HEALING.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.—A Concise Statement of the Theory and Practice of Spiritual Science as applied to the Production of Moral, Mental and Physical Health and Harmony.

Friday, Feb. 22d.—The Idea of God according to Spiritual Science.

Tuesday, Feb. 26th.—The Idea of Man according to Spiritual Science.

Friday, March 1st.—A Consideration of the relation between being and existence, and between truth and fact.

Tuesday, March 5th.—Faith, Prayer and Fasting as Essentials to Spiritual Development.

Friday, March 8th.—Conversion, or the Spiritual Meaning of Regeneration.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Hereditary Influences no Obstacle to Spiritual Growth.

Friday, March 15th.—The Mission of Pain and how to Conquer Suffering.

Tuesday, March 19th.—Chemicalization or Crisis, and how to Meet it.

Friday, March 22d.—The Apostolic Method of Healing as opposed to Mesmerism and Medicine.

Tuesday, March 26th.—How to alter Circumstances and secure Success in every lawful Enterprise.

Friday, March 29th.—Explicit Directions for Treatment and Self-protection and the value of Formulas Elucidated.

Questions are freely invited after every lecture. Terms for the course of twelve lectures, \$2.50; single admission, 25 cents. Exercises commence precisely at 10 A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Punctual attendance is earnestly solicited.

SECOND MONTHLY CONCERT.

The second monthly concert in aid of the fund for carrying on the general work of the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, will be given in the College Lecture Hall, Saturday, February 23, at 7:45 P. M.

PROGRAM—PART I.

1. Piano Solo—"Wildcat Galop,".....Tigerson Prof. Eckman.
2. Song—"That Melody Divine,".....Lombard W. J. Colville.
3. Cornet Solo—"Non e Ver,".....Mattei R. H. Whiting.
4. Recitation.....Mrs. Lily Stayer.
5. Song—"Si tu Savais,".....Azmed Mme. Maria Bishop.
6. Recitation.....Mrs. Nellie Adams.
7. Song—"A Little Mountain Lad,".....Beeckel Miss Ruby Carman.
8. Reading from "David Copperfield,".....Dickens Dr. T. L. Hill.
9. Song.....Miss Emma Hart.
10. Violin Solo—"Les Mousquetaires de la Reine" Singelee Herr Heather Wismer.

—Impromptu Poem, subjects from the Audience— W. J. Colville

PART II.

1. Piano—"Faust Fantasia,".....Gounod Miss Ruby Carman.
2. Song—"When the Tide Comes in,".....Millard Mrs. Wells.
3. Cornet Solo—"Fantasia d'Alsace,".....Quizot R. H. Whiting.
4. Duet—"Gently Sighs the Breeze,".....Glover Mme. Bishop and Miss Carman.
5. Piano Solo—"Alice,".....Ascher Miss M. Hill.
6. Song—"Old Oaken Bucket,".....Molloy Miss Bertha Wadham.
7. Song—"Le Parlate d'Amor,".....Gounod W. J. Colville.
8. Song—"Angel's Serenade,".....Mme. Bishop.
9. Song.....Miss Emma Hart.
10. "Good Night," from "Erminie,".....Chorus.

Doors open at 7. Concert at 7:45 precisely. Carriages at 10:15. Admission, 25 cents. Five tickets, \$1.00.

A Pentecostal Season at Santa Cruz.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Friday night last, February 8th, we were favored with a visit from our distinguished brother, John Slater, who gave us an entertainment, at Unity Church, that will be remembered by some as long as they live. Of course every body knows John Slater, and in almost any other place a good audience might reasonably be expected to hear one so famous in the Spiritualistic ranks; but here in hide bound orthodox Santa Cruz we were fearful, even with all the notice that could be given, that we might fail in getting out a sufficient number to make a decent reception for our brother. But to our surprise and delight, long before the hour for the exercises to commence, the house was literally jammed, and such a meeting! There is only one "John Slater" on this sublimity sphere, and it is not a positive certainty that he is always here. Words are inadequate to describe the many wonderful things said and done. So I shall not attempt so Herculean a task; those who have seen him know how it is; and to those who have not seen him, I can only say, go and quick before you die. I am prompted to write this little notice of the meeting to show what may be done by a little handful of earnest, devoted souls, battling for the truth; and not to advertise the brother whose name and fame is already world wide. This little band have hung together and braved all the anathemas maranatha of the city of the Holy Cross, and when it was noised abroad that Slater was coming, heads bobbed up serenely all

around the camp; and many a good soul was to be seen enthusiastically singing his praises, that one would never have suspected as being a Spiritualist, but they were all the same, and there are a great many of that kind, only it is not quite popular enough, you know (?)

The altar fires have been rekindled, however, and we shall strive to keep them brightly burning, so that their effulgent rays may brightly beam over this benighted region, where the gospel of hell-fire and eternal damnation is required to make so many people behave decently. We now have with us Mrs. Mayer to remain a short time, and many are availing themselves of the opportunity to commune with the dear ones from the thither shore.

Mr. Slater gave us assurances of his return to Santa Cruz, in March, when without doubt he will be greeted overwhelmingly. May the good angels guide and guard him, and help him in keeping ajar the gates of the Golden Gate.

W. H. BAXTER.

St. George's Hall Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meetings in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, are conducted in such a way that all are privileged to speak as the spirit giveth utterance.

The 11 o'clock meeting last Sunday was participated in by the following speakers: W. Hyde, Dr. Garter, Prof. Seymour, Dr. Houbert, Mrs. Pruden and Mrs. Nickless, a trance speaker from New York, gave us kindly greetings which were responded to by the President in words of welcome not only to our city but to our meetings.

The evening meeting was largely attended; when Dr. Houbert gave a most telling and thrilling experience of his mediumship between the age of eight and twelve years. The incidents were so remarkable that they were recorded in the Manuscripts of St. Petersburg, Russia, where he then resided, which could be ascertained by the most skeptical by calling on the Russian Consul of this city. He was born on the Mediterranean Sea, his mother's form was buried in the same, and before he was three years old his father died, and left him in charge of a wealthy gentleman who adopted him on the shores of the Arctic Sea. Not many leagues from his adopted father's residence was a spot in the road that horses would not pass between eleven and one o'clock at night. Being mediumistic from his first remembrance, realizing the presence of some one leading him, he repaired to that spot one night at twelve o'clock and saw a man sitting on a stone. Although he at that time was but eight years old he had fortitude to ask the man what he wanted? To which he replied: "That he, a long time ago, had stolen the gold service from two churches and buried it in an iron pot, six feet beneath that stone, that he could not rest in spirit until it was returned to the rightful owners."

Then, the boy hastened back to relate what he had seen and heard. His adopted father gave little credence to it, but on reflection called to mind the incident that the gold service was missing from two churches, when he himself was only a lad. In the morning the priest and marshal were sent for and after much consultation, repaired to the spot and resurrected the pot of gold and restored it to the very same churches, when the difficulty of traveling that road was entirely removed.

The Doctor is a man of extensive travel and large experiences, a symbolic and seance medium, seems to be well informed on the different modes of healing, and purposes some time to have a healing institution in this city. But at present will teach a class in the Hindoo and Egyptian modes of healing in connection with our present medical and metaphysical practices. He will beat our meetings Sunday morning and evening, to describe in trance, what is given him to see.

F. A. L.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall to hold their usual exercises. We are sorry to announce that our President, Mr. Shepperd, through sickness, has not been able to be with us for the past two Sundays. He and his family have taken a trip into the country; we hope they will be benefited by going, and return to us soon. Mr. Davis, assisted by Mrs. Cowell, have officiated in his stead. Last Sunday evening Miss S. A. Ramsdell, of San Jose, delivered a lecture on soul development, which was well received. Mrs. Cowell also gave an invocation and tests from the platform, which were all recognized. We are glad to announce that our meetings are still increasing in numbers and we invite all to come forward and investigate for themselves, for investigation is the gate that shuts out error, uncertainty, folly and doubt; proofs and demonstrations, gates that admit the forces and products of nature to it.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. C. J. Meyer and Mrs. Jackson, of San Francisco, will be with us. Tests and spirit names given. Mrs. Meyer was with us a short time since and gave a number of tests, which were all recognized. Miss Lizzie Plimley (our little medium), under control, drew two very pretty crayon pictures of Indian scenery, which proved beyond a doubt to those present the return of spirit power. Meetings commence at 7 o'clock.

I remain yours fraternally,

MRS. DAVIS, Secretary.

OAKLAND, February 18, 1889.

A HEALING MEDIUM.—Mrs. W. Weir of 1562 Seventh street is one of the most reliable mediums in the State. This lady is conversant with the spirits through the science of telegraphy, and an Indian. Through their powers Mrs. Weir has discovered some wonderful and effective cures, and during her period of healing a number can testify to the genuineness of her spiritual powers. One of Mrs. Weir's latest cures has been that of a child believed to have been troubled with worms, from which was taken a serpentine animal unknown to medical science. The object may be seen on exhibition at Mrs. Weir's residence. Sitzings are given daily, and much valuable information may be secured from this well-known medium.—Oakland Tribune.

TESTIMONIAL TO DR. J. S. LOUCKS.

NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.,
July 14, 1888.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS, WORCESTER, MASS.—Dear Friend:—I write a note to-day to let you know that I am feeling well, and have been ever since I commenced taking your medicine. I do not think I need any more now. I have been at work ever since I began using your medicine, and have not got it all used up. Before I got it I had been taking sixty grains of quinine a week, and was not able to do anything in the line of work. In case I should need any more I shall send to you for help, and I am very thankful for the aid rendered me, as our doctors could do me no good, and I had given up of ever being well again when I sent to you for help. May you long live to bless and cure suffering humanity.

G. F. BULLOCK.

How Spiritualists Treat their Mediums.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I wish to say a few words in defense of persecuted mediums. It is wholly unnecessary for me to speak of the sensitive nature of true mediums. This fact is well known, also their susceptibility to evil as well as good influences. Mediums are but mortals and very weak mortals; they must eat, drink, pay rent and wear clothes like other beings. I mention this because I can testify that some of the people of this city seem to think otherwise, and will and do insist, on visiting and asking for sittings and never paying a cent. I have had as many as seven in one day come and ask for my time and strength, each one saying, "I am so anxious to have this slate writing, and have so much confidence in you, but I have no money to give you." As I am poor and obliged to pay a large rent and no income, I consider this simply a kind of wholesale robbery. It is no wonder to me that mediums are driven to fraudulent practices, to deceit, to marriage and other desperate deeds.

When Spiritualists learn to love their mediums and to pay them for their work, we will hear no more of fraud and exposures. I lay sick for nearly three months last autumn, and not a member of the Spiritualist society came near me, excepting Mr. Allen, the President. I was visited and cared for by ladies who are not believers in Spiritualism; but as soon as I was able to sit up, my rooms were besieged by anxious Spiritualists who wanted "just a few words from loved ones on the other side, and if you will sit for me now while convalescing, I will take another sitting when you get well and strong, and pay you for that."

I wonder, if other mediums would come forward and tell their story, how many have had similar experiences. Ah, friends and Spiritualists, is this right?

Again, I have been found fault with by some of the older Spiritualists of this city, because I do not attend and go into raptures over the circles of materializing mediums, who have recently held forth here. My excuse and apology is this: I have been a medium all my life—I can see my dear departed ones as they really are—beautiful beyond all earth, and I have no desire to enter a darkened seance room and clasp in my arms a cold, clammy being, robed in cheese cloth, corsets and redolent with onions, tobacco and whisky, and be obliged to recognize in it my beloved mother or sister; neither do I blame or accuse the medium of these ghostly, bad smelling apparitions. The people who crowd the seance room are in my estimation to blame. Would they go clean in person, pure in heart, free from tobacco and whisky, harmonious in feeling, they would be rewarded with the grandest results; but each and every one must follow these conditions to bring about such results, and when people learn how to enter a seance room and how to feel towards the medium, then and only then will they receive pure and true communications.

Our mediums are driven either to fraud or out of the field entirely, not by church people as some may suppose, or "evil spirits," but by people calling themselves Spiritualists who, vampire-like, suck our life and blood and then leave us to storm and suffer alone. In defence of all true mediums, I ask if this is right?

JULIA CURVEA GARRETT.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 2, 1889.

A Voice from Summerland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to send greeting to the brothers and sisters who may be interested in the Summerland movement. We have been residents of the new town only seven days, but I feel that there has been sufficient time to convince me of the patient working and perseverance of the invisible friends, in directing and planning what may become the one harmonious center for spiritual forces of the West. I have felt since I first read of Mr. Owen's and Mr. Williams' suggestion in regard to the colony, that it was a plan in which the angel world had long been interested, and had worked faithfully and persistently to bring about when the proper time for its development had arrived. And furthermore, we felt an added confidence in its success spiritually, when we considered the channel through which the inspiration came.

To be sure, many objections have been presented, many obstacles have been raised, but nothing as yet that has not or will not be overcome. We do not expect to find perfection in the world, even in the location of a Spiritual Colony. But who dares to defy man, with his ambition and artistic skill in making beautiful the most uncultivated or forsaken spot of ground, and how much more reasonable to expect grand results where Nature has seemed to be partial in her distribution.

The grand old Ocean, with its variety of colors, and the constant passing of vessels, is not unpleasant to look upon. The cars are frequently passing, and carriages may nearly always be seen on the county road to and from Santa Barbara, which reminds us that we are closely surrounded by civilization.

I must own that we felt a little hesitancy in making the first move in the colony, I felt that we would be quite isolated for a time, and particularly so the day which we came here to live, when I found myself for a few hours the only occupant of the

ground. Despite my perfect faith and trust in the higher powers, of my sincere hope and certainty of the good things in the future of Summerland, I had to brush away the tears, (a woman's weakness of course.) But immediately a voice whispered to me, "Sister, you are not alone, you are surrounded by hosts of kind and loving ones, workers of the noblest type, who are using their greatest power to develop a harmonious and useful field of labor in your midst for all ready and willing hands." Many kind and encouraging words were given me in behalf of the colony.

Will we ever attain to that position where we can stand alone? Where with our noblest effort to do good, to live the truth, we can safely feel that all will be well? We are all anxious for an encouraging and hopeful word from the higher sources, and those words coming to me in that hour of loneliness, gave me a confidence and certainty of the success of Summerland that I have never before felt. One great advantage to us in our present undertaking, has been the benevolent and kind disposition of Mr. Williams, and we think all who are interested in the work here, will find him a man who is ever ready to do all, and even more than right. Surely no worthy Spiritualist would impose on the generosity of such a person. To the many Santa Barbara friends, we feel very grateful indeed for their many favors and kindness, bestowed upon us in a time of need. May the good angels assist and guide them in all good undertakings. With many thanks to the Editor for the space in his paper, and a thrice welcome to Summerland to all honest workers, I am, Respectfully,

MRS. LUCY WRIGHT.

SUMMERLAND, Cal., Feb. 6, 1889.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, ——— dollars."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINKLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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nov 26

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 84½ Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER Street—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 P. M.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLE OF HARMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, 909 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Sundays, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Every body invited. Perfect liberty for all to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding. Admission, 10 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the Inspirational Speaker, and good Mediums at every meeting. All invited. Admission 10 cents.

W. J. COLVILLE LECTURES EVERY SUNDAY in Metropolitan Temple. Services commence precisely at 10:45 A. M. Organist, Prof. Eckman; soprano, Mme. Marie Bishop. Everybody invited.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING IS HELD every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Speaking and platform tests by the best mediums at every meeting.

LIBERAL SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION—MEETINGS every Thursday evening, at 9:00½ Market street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cents. Capt. A. A. Stout, President; Mrs. Mary Richardson, Secretary.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

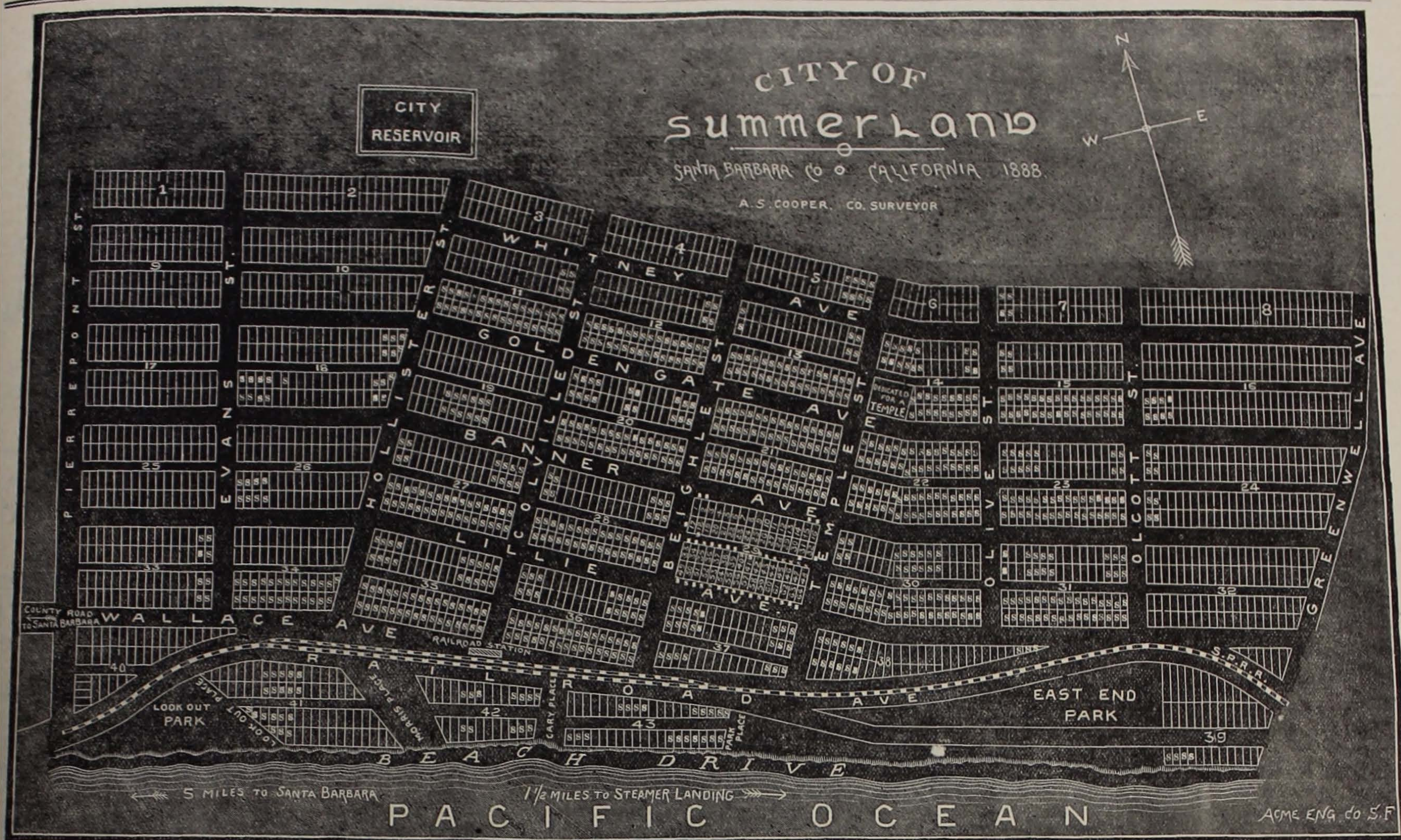
OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 18th, at 8 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

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SPIRITUALIST COLONY.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the

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The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price,

\$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

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The plat presented above shows the number of lots sold up to the 8th day of January, 1889. A number of sales have been made since which are not here indicated. The lots in one block, as will be seen, are numbered. This will assist purchasers in locating their lots in any block.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

My Baby Boy.

BY STANLEY FUGATE.

"Put on the little baby boy who will stand."
—From "Home, Sweet Home," by Little Parson.

O, where is my boy, my baby boy,
With his curls of gold and eyes of blue;
The child of my hope and love and joy—
His lips like a rose bud wet with dew.

O, where is my boy, my baby boy,
Who came in the hour of grief and pain?
Who came in the hour of sorrow and pain?
The angels took back the gift again.

O, never under the soft spring skies
Or under the soft spring skies
Shall I meet the gleam of his laughing eyes
Or catch the gleam of his golden hair.

O, never shall I soothe and hush my boy
Again to a sweet and dreamless rest;
Or feel the thrill of a mother's joy—
His golden head to my breast pressed.

O, never again shall my aching heart
Be filled with a mother's hope and fear,
Or tremulous heart, with the joyous start
Awake by a baby's smile or tear.

Far to the east—'neath the darker skies—
Where the nightingale's sweetest notes were,
My tender, golden-haired baby lies
Asleep in his lonely prairie grave.

O, tender, golden-haired baby boy!
Tonight my heart cries out for you
With a love that knows no hate alloy—
With a love that all these years is true.

Thru' all the years that lie between
That love, like a golden thread has run,
It never will break, nor rust, nor wear,
Till it binds at last the mother and son.

Till it binds us both with its golden chain
My life cannot round into perfect joy—
My heart must ache with a longing pain
For my own, my beautiful baby boy.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Parody.

BY W. MONTGOMERY.

When I can read my little dear
To maddens in the skies,
'Twill not be with the eye of faith
In foolish sophistries.

While I can conquer foes with love,
And keep my flag unfurled,
Then I can smile at bigot's rage
And face a frowning world.

Let scorn like a wild deluge come,
And storms of malice fall;
I'll stand in truth and rectitude
To shield me from them all.

I could not bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And see my fellow creatures die
Uncared for and unblest.

Why?

From out that unknown land where human souls
Are ever waiting for an earthly form,
Two heard their call one day, while hand in hand,
And in two homes 'twas said, "A child is born."
In one, the voice of prayer, and thanks and praise,
Was heard to mingle with the songs of mirth;
And love took up the child with tender hands,
And holy men kept sacrament of birth.

The bells rang out their loudest peal of joy;
The kinsmen clapped their hands, laughing in glee,
And dancing 'mong the flowers their perfume brought,
While angels bore his incense where he lay,
All that the earth and heaven could give of good
Was round him till he reached his manhood's prime,
And when life closed, men wept for one whose steps
Made shining marks along the shores of time.

In one a loathsome den, vile curses loud
Drowned out the wailing cry of mortal pain;
And woe and woe stood side by side, grim guests,
Around that couch of anguish, grief and shame,
And hate took up the child and cursed its birth;
And sin breathed into it its vilest breath;
Its life was nurtured where the dank foul winds
Wrapped round it all the poisonous fumes of earth.

In baby lips were taught to lip but oaths;
In feet were trained to walk in paths of crime;
Child, youth or man, he knew no love, no God,
No heaven; for sin doth teach no life but Time,
And when the measure of his days was full
The world was filled with horror; and the cry
Of "blood for blood" was answered when he paid
The debt with life; alone, and glad to die.

Back to that unknown land from whence they came,
Two naked souls cleft, hand in hand, the sky;
One, with earth's glory bright; one black with sin;
And both were wondering and asking—Why?

—N. J. M. SANDERSON, in "Springfield Republican."

Love After Death.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how that may be
In other homes, but this I know:
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Often the flowers have come and gone,
Often the Winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned, from day to day,
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But, whether grave or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends are round me, true and tried;
They have their place, but her to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white marble gleams
She still must slumber. God knows best!

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place;
Have never hungered every day,
Through years and years, for one sweet face.

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

Scientific and Practical Education.

Continued from First Page.

triment to the refined, and to the ignorant is encouraging and doubly facilitating. Remembering that it is easier to labor for uplifting, than passively assisting a strife for utter ruin, will hang a halo of cheer around the hope of widespread rewards. A passion, temperance and purification revolution, integral and practical is a bright event. If a better work, way or plan can be devised, let it come to light without delay. I believe this is worthy of examination and public expression of opinions.

After the above was written, and was considering what journal had space and appreciation for it, the *Truth Seeker Annual* arrived with its main topic including the organization of the liberal bodies I have instanced as proper co-workers. It shows twenty-four leading radicals approving the work, twenty-one of whom wish the co-action of Spiritualists. As a radical Spiritualist, I judge the body will mainly unite. A wave of practical ideas seems to have acted simultaneously. H. H. Gardner strongly implies practical action; J. Parton plainly calls for it; J. H. Burnham's warm and grand comments show a deep sense of its necessity. Unanimous opinions of the rest must imply the practical, as theoretic work has long been employed, and its influence though necessary is seen to be negative as to resistance and change of administered policy. Hence the favor of a wider and less distinctive organization aiming at practical power, evolving work for power exerting uses; this, the main branch was overlooked by secularists, when they framed their demands, which many still fail to see as the theory that can only be answered by staunch numbers that can control legislation. Suffragists also have worked long to make a good theory stand and defend itself without a human pedestal. If they will now unite in this woman and man endeavoring process, work and inspire workers with faith in sound muscles and brains, they will some day see pillars stand thick as forest trees, asking for arch and keystone. If due value is placed on present time, conferring, planning, etc., will pass quickly around and bring preliminary action under consideration.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

MRS. HARRIS.—You seem to write as though earnest prayer must necessarily be answered. I have heard hundreds of such cases, but never knew a single sure answer to the petition. Again, who, or what is this intangible *Spiritualist* you pray to? San Francisco and Oakland are all in a foam under the various "to here's" and "to there's." My observation has been, that after such excitement, people soon sink back to the dead level again, no better, if as well as before. Why is this, if prayer is the one thing needed?

DOUBTING THOMAS.

What does Doubting Thomas mean by "earnest prayer?" If he means wordy and loud supplications, then I can quite agree with him, and know full well that such petitions continually fall still born from the lips of men—words without soul-force enough to make more than a ripple in the world of cause—while, as I have said before, wails of agony do much more harm than good. Mothers agonize over their boys and see them go down in the midst of their prayers and tears. Wives supplicate heaven for their husbands, all the while knowing they are straying farther and farther from the path of duty. There must be some reason for this failure. Does not this sort of prayer pervert the force that, under the proper conditions, would bring the required good?

The silent forces are the most potent; and doubt it as we may at the present, the time is not far distant when we shall realize the power of thought to work good or evil. Mothers, when your boys are straying in by-paths, take them in your thought back to the true life, and declare the thing you would have. You cannot speak a good word for them that is not already true in the Real Self. Know this, think it, feel it, and this force will not only reach your own boy, but some other mother's son. Wives, would you see your husbands really the good, noble men you thought them once, make them after the old-time model in thought form, and declare it true of them in the higher self, until you vibrate the thought to their inmost being. Try this; you have prayed the old way without avail, something must be outside of the law, or your prayer would be answered.

There is nothing more strange that true prayer should meet a response, than that water should find its level. I mean by true prayer a knowledge, a faith, a will that a thing is; all short of this, is foolishness, or else absolutely harmful. I will state this truth again so as to make myself understood. When your prayers are those of affirmation you get back of that which has become, or actual, on this external plane into the unformed, and that prayer becomes a cause, "the very substance of the thing you hope for."

When you declare the truth of the real self you are not thinking of your outward personality as it may be now sick and suffering, but of that after which you would fashion the outward form; the body responds to the thought and you are well. Thought will both kill and cure; put this thought in the form of prayer if you will, it is none the less true. Project this thought to a personal God, pin your faith on Jesus of Nazareth, take hold on the Omnipresent Good which is your life and being. Realize your higher self as included in the universal Christ spirit, and still the same law of thought works for you good or

evil according to your motives, for they give quality to your prayers. I pray to the same Being that the farmer does when he prepares the soil and comes into harmony with law in the sowing of his grain; that the photographer depends on when he makes ready to take a picture; to the power that speaks a universe into existence in an outcoming breath, and who after that universe has accomplished the work intended knows the Sabbath of rest. I need not name this "something," you think so intangible as to "what and where." I may say that all that ever has been, is now, or ever will be, is included in the eternal, of which we may not think what and where, but of this we may be sure, (if we work to know it), that our own higher self is included in the One. And that all we can ever know of the Infinite Power in any range of being we must get through self. The One to whom I pray might seem very limited, if your higher self is more revealed to you, than mine to me. Still in the same unit of consciousness all must find their life, their strength, their health and their peace.

Doubtless you are quite right with regard to the larger number of those who are interested in the excitements which are strangely named religious revivals. The excitement spreads through the same law of sympathy that all intense emotion does. Contagions of thought cause disease, mobs, communes, as well as reforms of kinds. These people of which you speak do not fall back, they have never been up only in their emotions, they have not taken one single step in advance that will not tell in their future lives, but it must be a step, not an emotion simply. If the workers in these various fields would have more charity for one another their faith would go farther and do more. There might be far less loud praying, and more blessing, if they would use their time and strength in their own work and let others alone.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
BERKELEY, CAL.

MENTAL EXPANSION.—"Hobbes mentions the true revelation; but clearly shows he does not believe it. Hallam considers him an Atheist. I have equal rights to consider Bacon so. Descartes, Hallam says, professed a belief in the motion of the sun, to save himself with the priests. And Hobbes thinks Aristotle did not speak as he really thought. It is surely time all this lying and counter-lying should be put a stop to, or a help be rendered to so worthy an end,—that men's minds may expand as freely as any other growth of Nature. But in our time?—no. The honey is not for us, but to work the cell; to work in faith and hope, in the love of truth, and for justice sake. This is enough—enough for the strong. And for the weak, they should not leave their mother's side."—Anon.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character.—Jeremy Taylor.

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